

memory loss

by kittytampon

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Summary: "What's wrong?" Bang. She falls into my arms lifeless. The one place I promised was safe. There is not movement in her face as I scream her name. Everything is bathed in the a sicken red as my eyes open. m chapter are later. rating for safety. chapters based on hoizer songs

1. screaming the name dd pov

With the sun beating down our necks, the two of us strolled down the empty road. Not a single thing to fear till get this feeling. I stop walking. Something is wrong. Horribly wrong. I need to get her out of here. I look at the small, blonde angel. Her eyes are filled with concern. "Daryl?" She asks cautiously. "What's wrong?" _Bang._ She falls into my arms lifeless. The one place I promised was safe. There is not movement in her face as I scream her name. Everything is bathed in the a sicken red as my eyes open.

"Beth!" I scream. I looked around for her in the messy sheets and look around the room before I remember she is no longer sleeping by my side. I grab a pack of smoked before leaving my room.

I walk down the stairs and curse. It's still dark outside. I look at the coffee table where Carol had left a bible from her last visit. I chuckle sourly. The world we live in was godless. What was the point in a holy book? Having nothing better to do, I turn on a light and thumb through it. Merle read this. He had some faith after all that happened to him. Of course he wound up dying, but it wasn't any god's fault.

Without even realizing it, I had folded my hands and words started to form in my brain to an unfamiliar god. "God heal her, don't forget her. Heal her. Please. She's all I got." An all too familiar feeling wetness dripped down my face. Look at me, crying while praying to a god I had always refused to know.

As soon as the first day shift started, I got out. I told Sasha it was to get breakfast. Of course she knew it was to just get out. Once I hit the trees, I ran. The land might be godless, but there was a sense of freedom that hung that temporarily filled the holes inside.

After I got a couple rabbits, I headed back. Maggie let me in since she had just begun her shift. The two of us exchanged knowing looks before she began to glaze outside longingly. Both of us wanted to make a trip to Atlanta to just sit next to her at least. Rick turned our request down every time saying that we were needed here. Although, he did have a point, I hated him for it. I hated waiting for the right time. Of course as soon as I came back through the gates he caught me. "Tonight," he said. Shit I thought to myself. For a blissful moment, I forgot about our deal with Hilltop and having to attack Negan's men. Hopefully killing Negan in the process. "The people aren't ready," I said. Our people were. Not the Alexandrias. "We have no choice," Rick responded. "Do we get help from the Hilltop?" I asked. Negan was their problem. "Jesus and another guy who knows a little about the base we are hitting," He answered. I nodded my head and he walked off to meet Michonne.

My heart began to sink. Every time I saw them or Glenn and Maggie or anyone together, an image of Beth came to mind to haunt me. It should be us here. The two of us should be sitting down on a porch night after night talking about our days. It should be us getting ready for a fight knowing we had each other's backs. Not just a half. I wanted her. I craved her existence by my side. With those thoughts hanging around in my brain, I made a promise to myself and her. I would go out and see her. Whether she was awake or not.

2. offers no absolutes dd pov

The meeting took place in the church. Rick made his speech to the group. Telling them that not everyone had to go. I looked over at Tara. She had been shifting uncomfortably during Rick's sermon. I remembered the Governor and how similar his words must of been to Rick's. Surprisingly she volunteered. I swore to myself I would make sure she came home to Denise.

After everyone volunteered who was going to, Rick admitted that someone of us made very well die and offered a chance to reconsider. No one did. I chuckled to myself quietly. This was my church. Offering even less absolutes than the ones before the disaster causing us to all be sick to only end in a deathless death.

Rick continued to speak,

"Alright, of course since we are infected, we are walking dead. But, we still walk and talk and eat and protect what is ours. This group is worth protecting. This life is worth living no matter the pain. We may be starved. We may be sick. We may look like we have nothing, but we have us. Never had we had nothing."

Faith and hope rallied behind the people's eyes. They may be starving but they are so faithful bring back the feelings of church and religion. Having hope in the darkest of times. Unfortunately the feeling passed right through me. I didn't have what mattered making every day more and more bleak.

People set of to do whatever they needed to before tonight. About half of us were going while the other half stayed back to watch over camp. Carl asked me to watch Judith as he helped his father with last minute details. I nodded my head and he took off. I picked her up and she started to play with my face like she did with everyone. "Hey lil' asskicker, how are you?" I said in a mock baby tone. She responded with some weird baby sound that must of meant something as she continued to play with my face. As I held her I thought of how much Beth loved Judith. And wanted a baby of her own. She would of loved Judith playing with her face. She's funny like that.

I heard footsteps coming back and knew it was Carl's. I kissed her forehead. "I'm gonna bring your dad back to ya alright? You don't have to worry," I told her. When Carl came back I gave her to him and headed out to the vehicles. I got in the RV with Rick and a couple others ready for whatever Negan could muster.

3. you know better babe bg pov

Chaos. Everywhere people were screaming, yelling, firing upon unknown intruders who were killing us off. Perfect. I just had to get close enoughâ€¦|

"Amber!" A voice called out behind me. I turned around to see Negan pointing to his office. I followed him in. He pointed to his closet and said, "I want you to hide in here." I looked at him, knowing my face was full of disgust and anger. "To hell with that! I want to fight by your side," I said. Harsher than I ever talked to him before. He grabbed my cheek and smiled. "They are dangerous people. I need you safe." I glared at him even more. "I have Lucille," He said in response. Knowing that wasn't going to fly by me. He sighed and went down on his knees. "I need you alive," He said in a near whisper. I knew that it was all an act but I went in the closet anyway. Through the cracks, I saw him take a seat with his bat across his lap. I smiled. He made this too easy for me.

In a matter of minutes, I heard people crash in and grabbed my knife. The moment they attack, I was going to jump out and slit his throat from behind. I was going to kill Negan no matter the price that had to be paid. That's when something started me. Not just something, a voice.

Not just one voice, three of them. What started me was that in the back of my brain. I recognized them. As if I had known them my entire life.

author's note: i know its super short. this is only meant to set up the story

4. tame your demons dd pov

The plan went perfectly. Till an alarm went off. Chaos erupted and everyone in the damn building woke up and opened fire. Well those who slept with guns. Luckily not everyone did. Michonne, Rick and I got to the center before all hell broke lose. Time to complete the mission, kill Negan. When we opened the door, we found the prick sitting down with that bat of his.

"Hi. I'm Negan. And I don't appreciate you killing my men," He said with swagger. Already I wanted to punch out his teeth. "I don't appreciate you trying to kill mine," Rick replied. "Oh, do you mean the hospital?" He asked. "It would be a shame if she got hurt."

"What did you say prick?" I demanded, stepping on front of Rick. If this asshole did anything to Beth I was going to snap his fucking neck. "Beth was her name wasn't it? At least that was what the doctor said before I killed him," He said with a smirk. Enjoying what leverage he had over us. "What the hell did you do you asshole?" I yelled at the Negan as he sat back, all smug. Michonne stepped in front of me, knowing what I was capable of. Rick wanted to know how many others of them were out there before we ripped him to shreds. "Where is she?" Michonne asked with an uneasy sense of coolness. There was that feeling that if you didn't tell her, she was going to make you wish you were dead. Negan laughed. "Oh she is out there, fighting for me of course. After all she doesn't know any of you. No memories remember?"

My brain started to spin. The fights. Drinking. Her warnings of me missing her. Opening up. Burning down the house. Saying fuck it to the world. Carrying her into a safe house. Thoughts of just staying together. The horde. The car with the cross. Atlanta. Noah kid. The gunshot. Carrying her out once again. Believing everything had finally crushed down around me watching Maggie fall. They blurred, one memory hitting me faster than the one before before it all paused to show Edwards rushing out saying there was a chance to save her. As I ran back in Maggie ran besides me and Edwards. "How?" She asked. "If I act now," he said.

And he did. The surgery took hours as we all waited. An eternity later we were called to her bedside by a nurse. As soon as Edwards came back we attacked him with questions. Rick grabbed him by his shoulders "Is she..Is she going to pull through?" He nodded. All of us smiled in the first time in what felt like forever. "But, there is a catch," He said. We all assumed the worse. That she would only have weeks. "The bullet damaged where her memories are at. When she wakes up, she will have no memory of any of you. If we are lucky, she'll remember her name." "What?" Maggie said. "That can be, I just got her back." She grabbed Beth's hand and Glenn gently touched her shoulders. With a strained voice she whispered, "I just got my sister back." Dr. Steven Edwards told reassured us that he did as he could. "At least we have her," Glenn declared. "That's the most important thing." All around we nodded in agreement. "Yeah," I said. "At least we have her." Once again, I felt the world closing around me. There was no way she would love me again. Hell. she shouldn't have in the first time. That was when I realized the biggest con to love. It causes this ache like no other

I was brought back to the present when I heard a door creak behind Negan. Thinking it was a walker, I drew out my crossbow, ready to fire.

"Who is she?" A holy voice asked. I couldn't believe that I was hearing that voice. Her voice.

"Negan," She demanded, stepping out of the shadows revealing light blonde hair and blue eyes. The light revealed a girl with scars on

her face and wrist. "Who is she?" She asked sharply. Rick and Michonne became very still. Not knowing how to respond. I could feel the look of disbelief form on my face before I fell to my knees.

"Beth..."

5. who did you bury bg pov

"Who is she?" I demanded. I had always know that Negan was a monster, but God tricking someone with no memory, taking advantage of someone in that way was enough to make my blood boil. That was when I noticed the people with him. A man with a beard growing in with a sense of leadership and a woman with a sword. Both of them looked at me horrified. Like they were seeing a ghost. A part of me knew them. Recognized them as friends. A strange feeling of love and concern came over me. Then saw the man on his knees.

He looked like hell. While the other two seemed like they had be bathed, he seemed like the last time he took a shower was months ago. His hair was wild and all over his face. But I knew him. I had a feeling that he mattered to me. A deeper feeling arose. I knew every inch of him as if he was apart of me, more than samurai and leader.

"Amber," Negan called to me bring me to the present. The man on the floor stood up. "Amber!" He yelled. "Is that what you told her name is?" Before Negan could say a word, the woman with a sword stepped in. "Your name isn't Amber," She said. It all clicked. I turned to Negan. "I woke up here. I was told that my group was wiped out. That you saved me and the one other survivor, Dr. Edward," I said. My voice later raised to a yell. "I was told that Dr. Edwards died on a run!" "You took advantage of her you asshole!" The crazy man yelled. Negan sighed and rubbed the back of his head. "Amber. Come here." I shook my head and stepped back till I was standing next to the woman. I remembered during the first week. I had finally been able to walk on my own. It was late and I ran into Negan. He had a shovel sticking out of the newly turned over dirt. Knowing that I was in his debt, I didn't ask any questions as we walked back. I was told about Edward's death a few days later.

"Who did you bury?" I asked. Negan looked up at me from his seat, "What?" "Who Did You Bury?, " I asked slowly, adding emphasis to each word. For the first time, I was anger in his eyes as he turned his head away from me to the three I was standing with. "Who do you think?" He asked as he got up and swung his bat. On instinct, I pulled out my knife and slashed his neck open. Cutting swiftly through the delicate flesh with the razor sharp blade. The man who yelled at him grabbed my arm. "Come on Beth. Time to go." Having no choice I followed him with the two other close behind.

As soon as we went through the doors of his office, we saw the chaos that had erupted. Walkers had slipped through and was attacking the living as they attacked each other. Everyone had blades out and guns blazing. The leader grabbed the other man's attention. "Get her out of here. Michonne and I will gather the rest. Fight who you have to. Just get her to the van!" He nodded and the two of us started to run. He had drawn out his bow and was firing at the living and the dead. I grabbed the arrows and stabbed whoever was a threat. A creeping

familiar feeling came upon me as we ran. We had done this before, fought like this side by side. If only I could remember.

6. innocence died screaming dd pov

The only words running through my head where fuck, shit, and bitch. All for different reasons. I look over to Beth a few times. There was no change in expression as she killed Negan's men. They either were just as bad as Negan or it didn't bothered her. I put that thought in the back of my head as the two of us fought side by side though the mass of living and dead. I send a prayer to whoever would listen that our people make it back in one piece. Once we pushed through the doors, the cool night air washed right through us. I grabbed her hand and led her to the cars. Once we got there we surveyed the area for walkers or Negan's people.

Once the two of us found no one, we entered the rv. "Sit anywhere," I told her. She took one of the seats that went with the table. I sat in front of the entrance, ready to shoot anyone or anything that entered.

As the two of us sat in silence, my mind wandered to the past we shared. How she was good and pure. The feeling of innocence poured of her. Then what I saw earlier, how she killed those men without any noticeable remorse. I guess her innocence died with a gunshot and screams because none of us were there when she woke up.

"I was going to visit you," I said, breaking the silence at last. "I was going to visit you after all of this was over." She looked turned around to face me, startled that I finally spoke. "You were?" She asked, genuinely curious. I nodded. "With your sister." Her eyes widened. "I have a sister?" she asked. Once again I nodded and replied, "Her name is Maggie. She is married to a guy named Glenn." I forgot for a moment she didn't know she had a sister. Or a father. Or any form of family. She smiled wide and chuckled. "I was going to kill Negan earlier," She said. "I was gonna run to Hilltop or Alexandria and tell them they were free." It was my turn to be surprised. The Beth that I use to know would never kill anyone. That must of shown on my face as shame filled hers. "I couldn't stay there. He made me—" Her voice cracked as she tried to talk. As she hung her head she finished saying, "He needed to die. I need to be somewhere new." I stood up and walked over to her. "Beth," I said quietly and looked away. "If I had known, I would've gone over there and gotten you out." I meant that. God, I didn't care if she was in a heavenly garden, I would've crawled to get back to her side. "I know," she said with a strange confidence. "How?" I asked clueless. "Your reaction to seeing me."

I looked away again and it turned to silence once again. Part of me wished she asked questions about us. About what I knew about her and part of me wanted to screaming "_You use to love me and I still love you_!" God she could ask me anything and I would tell her anything with full honesty. She already had been taken advantage because of her memory loss.

A noise brought my head brought back to the present and out of my head. She pulled out her knife and I drew my crossbow ready for anything.

7. the stranger the better bg pov

Daryl looked outside the window and I crept closer to him. My heart started to pound before a wash of familiarity washed over me, calming down my nerves. A strange feeling of rightness I had been lacking settled in. It was all so unfamiliar and comforting.

"It's okay," He said and I jumped, not realizing how inside my own head I was. "It's us," He said as he walked to the door to open it up. Four people came in. A hispanic woman, a man with ginger hair who looked like he belonged in the military, a black man with dreads, and white woman with dark hair. "Is it true?" The hispanic woman asked Daryl before she saw me. "She is here?" He nodded and pointed at me. She gasped as if she had seen a ghost. No strange feelings came to surface when I saw her like it did with Rick, Michonne or Daryl. I thought to myself that I must have not known her before so I stuck my hand out. "Beth apparently," I said not knowing what else to say. "Rosita," She said. She pointed to the military man, "That's Abraham. The other guy is Heath and the other woman is Tara." I nodded to each of them and took a seat. The four followed suit. "Is that all who are here?" I asked, hoping to not have to remember anymore names. Rosita answered, "No, sorry. A lot of us are here." With that there was another knock.

Two men came in this time, one black with a bald head and the other had long hair and a bushy beard. "This must be her," said the black man. "I'm Father Gabriel. This," He pointed to the man with him, "is Paul. Otherwise known as Jesus." I shook both of their hands, "Beth." Both smiled. "Welcome," the man called Jesus said. The door swung open.

"She is here?!" Another woman said. This woman had grey, short hair that suggested age or stress. Considering the world we lived in, I assumed the latter. A smile erupted on her face when she saw me. A feeling of strength and friendship came up to just beneath my skin. "Beth!" She cried out of joy. I ran to her and hugged her. As we pulled apart I said, "I'm sorry, but what is your name again?" Everyone in the r.v but Daryl laughed. "Carol," she said. "My name is Carol." I smiled, the name ringing a faint bell. The door blasted open revealing a black woman. "Oh my god. It's actually you!" She said as she walked up and hugged me. The same feeling with Carol came up again. I was quickly becoming overwhelmed with a new feeling that must have been joy. Bit by bit, I felt happier and closer to whole.

We had just sat down when Michonne came back. "Rick is on his way with Glenn and Maggie. As soon as they come, we have to take off," she announced. "My sister?" I asked. Michonne smiled and nodded. "Then Father Gabriel, Tara, Heath and I will get in the other car," Jesus said and the four of them left. As soon as they left Rick entered followed by an Asian man. "Beth!" He said excitedly as he hugged me. This feeling was different. It was something closer to family. Then Maggie came in. She dropped the gun that was slung over her shoulder and tear formed in her eyes as the brightest smile I had ever seen took over her face. A feeling I could only describe as home settled upon me. The feeling I had been longing for since I woke up at Negan's, maybe longer. With that tears began to form in my own eyes. I ran up and hugged her. The two of us fell on our knees. I couldn't remember a feeling as pure as sweet as the love that ran in my veins

for her. Any doubt I may have had that they were lying to me was washed away. Maggie was my sister, I felt it in my bones.

The two of us got up and smiled as we looked at each other. Then laughed. Maybe it was because there was no other way to express what we were feeling. As soon as we sat down, the r.v started to move forward.

With Michonne at the wheel, Rick told everyone how they found me and how Negan tricked me into thinking I was someone else. I had never seen such rage in people's faces for another human's being then what I saw played on the faces of the people in the r.v. . "Now isn't the time for that," I piped up. Maggie who hadn't left my side looked at me with pride. "Of course," Rick said. "Let's celebrate, we have Beth back!" Everyone in the van cheered. "Can you guys tell me stories of you know, you guys?" I asked. I thought that maybe with their stories I will remember my own. Everyone started talking at once, feeding me all sorts of stories. I laughed, "Geez guys, one at a time." Rick claimed first. He told me the time of when it was just him and Carl on the road. The two weren't getting along at the time, so Carl went out to scavenge for food while he was asleep. Apparently while he was out, he found an unopened tub of chocolate pudding which like any teenage boy decided to eat all of it. And had a walker steal his shoe. Of course, Rick's retelling of the story was more humorous than it would of been at the time, but it worked all the same. I laughed, we all did. Daryl even cracked a smile.

Again, stories started to flood in. One of my favorites just about Judith and her red cups. How she loves to play with them and try to eat them. Another was all the stories about Eugene's awkwardness. Especially when he first met Tara and she turned him down telling him she was gay. These people were so strange to me. None of Negan's men ever had funny stories to tell. Within the car ride, I fell in love with every single one of those strangers. Maybe because they didn't feel that strange.

By the time we rolled into Alexandria, I was about ready to fall asleep on Maggie's shoulder. As I walked out of the r.v, my heart and head began to pound. With all those stories, letting me in, it was obvious they trusted me with everything even when they didn't know. Not a single one of them knew what I had done, had been forced to do, and yet they still trusted me. That thought alone was enough for me to nearly break down into pieces. I had a dark heart thank to my sins.

That's when Maggie tapped my shoulder. I hadn't even realized I hadn't moved. Gently she led me to what I assumed was her home and a warm bed. I looked behind me and notice Daryl. He was off to the side, by himself, and never took his eyes off me. In a normal circumstance that would of creeped me out, but after the bits and pieces I had picked up tonight, it didn't. For the first time since I awoke, I said a prayer. Just for God to keep an eye on him and hopefully heal him.

End
file.